Public Library of South Bend
South Bend, Indiana

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/titusandronicus0000will_a4n3

TITUS: "Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor"

TITUS ANDRONICUS *Act* I *Scene* 2

Booklovers Edition

Titus Andronicus

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions, Notes, Glossary, Critical Comments, and Method of Study

The University Society
New York

Copyright, 1901
By
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

8RR
Shiti
cop. 5

THE TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Preface.

Early Editions. In 1600 a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was published, bearing the following title-page:—

"The most lamenta- | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* | *Andronicus*. | As it hath sundry times been playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earl of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | At London, | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600." This is the earliest known edition, and is referred to as Quarto 1.

Another quarto, printed from the former, was brought out in 1611:—

"The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus*. | *As it hath sundry | times beene plaide by the Kings* Maiesties Seruants. | London, | Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611."

In the 1st Folio *Titus Andronicus* comes between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*; the text was somewhat carelessly printed from a copy of the Second Quarto with MS. additions. The Second Scene of the Third Act, not found in the quartos, is peculiar to the Folio version.

Date of Composition. According to Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets,* a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was printed in 1594; but no copy has been discovered. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare's connection with the subject is Meres' mention of the play, in 1598, as one of Shakespeare's well-known tragedies. There can be little doubt that Ravenscroft, who "about the time of the Popish Plot," revived and altered *Titus Andronicus,* preserved a trustworthy tradition with respect to its authorship. "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private actor to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." Internal evidence seems to corroborate the tradition, and Shakespeare's additions are now generally assigned to about 1589-90. The following passages suggest Shakespearian authorship;—I. i. 9; II. i. 82, 83; I. i. 70-76, 117-119, 141, 142; II. ii. 1-6; II. iii. 10-15; III. i. 82-86, 91-97; IV. iv. 81-86; V. ii. 21-27; V. iii. 160-168.*

The problem is complicated by the fact that there must have been at least three plays on the subject, according to the references in the Stationers' Registers, and Henslowe's *Diary.* Jonson probably referred to an older play when he wrote:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years" (*Bartholomew Fair,* 1614). This would place the production in question between 1584 and 1589.

The German "tragedy of *Titus Andronicus,*" acted abroad about the year 1600 by the English players, may contain elements of the older original on which the pres-

*(*Cp.* H. B. Wheatley, *New Shakespeare Soc.,* 1874; a synopsis of critical opinion is to be found in Fleay's *Manual,* p. 44; Knight, in his Pictorial Shakespeare, defends Shakespeare's authorship.

The fullest recent study of the subject is that of Dr. M. M. Arnold Schröer, Marburg, 1891.)

ent play was founded: among its characters there is a "Vespasian," and it is noteworthy that there is a record in Henslowe's diary of a "*tittus and Vespasia*" acted "by Lord Strange's men" on the 11th of April, 1591. The play is marked "*ne*" (*i.e.* "new"). Similarly, a "*Titus and Andronicus*" is described as a new play by Henslowe under the date of January 22nd, 1593-4.

Under any circumstances, *Titus Andronicus* stands outside the regular early Shakespearian dramas,—the gentle "love-plays" of his first period; its value, however, in literary history, is this:—crude as it is, it certainly belongs to the same type of play, as the greater tragedy of *Hamlet*; the *machinery* in both plays is much the same; both are Kydian dramas of Revenge; Nemesis triumphs in the end, entangling in her meshes the innocent as well as the guilty, the perpetrators of crime as well as the agents of vengeance.

Source of the Plot. It is remarkable that popular as was the story of *Titus Andronicus* in the sixteenth century, no direct source of the play has yet been discovered, and nothing can be added to Theobald's comment. "The story," he observes, "we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the Empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol."

The ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* was evidently based on the present play, though formerly considered as its source.*

* *Cf. Roxburghe Ballads* (*Ballad* Society), Vol. I.; the version cannot, according to Chappell, be earlier than the reign of James I., and is more probably of that of Charles I. The title of the ballad is "*The lamentable and tragical history of Titus Andronicus.* With the fall of his Sons in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of the Ravishment of his daughter Lavinia," *etc.*

The Time of the Play. The period covered by the play is four days represented on the stage; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1, Act I.; Act II. Sc. i. *Day* 2, Act II. Sc. ii.-iv.; Act III. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 3, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 4, Acts IV. and V. (*v.* P. A. Daniel's *Time-Analysis*, p. 190).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Titus Andronicus, a Roman general, returns home in triumph after a conquest of the Goths, and is hailed by a large part of the people as their next emperor. The inheritance of the crown is just then in controversy between the deceased ruler's two sons. Titus will not take advantage of the dispute and his own popularity, but magnanimously sides with the elder son, Saturninus, who is enabled by this influence to ascend the throne. The new emperor asks Titus's daughter Lavinia in marriage, which request is granted. But the project is thwarted by the emperor's younger brother, Bassianus, who carries off Lavinia—to whom he is betrothed—by force. Titus is so enraged at this and so earnest in his faith with Saturninus, that he kills one of his own sons who has aided Bassianus. Nevertheless, the emperor uses this as a pretext for slighting Titus, whose power he fears; and although he makes quick choice of another wife in the person of Tamora, queen of the Goths, brought captive by Titus, he seeks the downfall of the general. He finds a ready second in Tamora, who hates Titus because he has offered up her son as a sacrifice to the slain members of his family.

II. Though this deadly hatred exists on the part of the imperial couple, they yet veil it under a show of amity. The deluded Titus seeks to do them honour by giving a hunt, which ends as a chapter of horrors. The empress seizes the opportunity to meet her lover, a cruel and crafty Moor named Aaron. By a series of devilish plots he

incites the empress's two sons to ravish Lavinia, tear out her tongue, and cut off her hands, so that she cannot denounce them either in speech or writing. Bassianus is slain, and the Moor directs suspicion against two sons of Titus.

III. The two sons are sentenced and led to execution. Aaron gives Titus to understand that their lives will be spared if he will cut off his hand and send it to the emperor. Titus complies, but is mocked by the Moor, who returns the hand with the heads of the two sons. Henceforth Titus devotes his whole life to vengeance.

IV. Pretending madness he sends strange messages to the emperor, and also to Tamora's sons, whom he discovers to be the authors of Lavinia's shame.

Meantime another son of Titus, named Lucius, being banished from Rome, gathers together a powerful army of Goths, who menace the city. Tamora finds it necessary to hold a parley with him at his father's house.

V. To arrange the interview, she goes with her two sons, disguised, to Titus's house. He still feigns insanity and, after she departs, kills the sons and bakes their remains in a pie. The pie is shortly after offered to Tamora at a feast, when she and the emperor meet Lucius in parley. It is a fitting dish for a bloody banquet, since, at the general slaughter which ensues, Lavinia, Tamora, Titus, and Saturninus all are slain. Lucius tells the people the true story of the persecutions of his father's house, and is proclaimed emperor. The Moor is condemned to a lingering death, half-buried in the sand.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Tamora.

. . . She is the presiding genius of the piece: and in her we see, as we believe, the outbreak of that wonderful conception of the union of powerful intellect and moral

depravity which Shakspere was afterwards to make manifest with such consummate wisdom. Strong passions, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a sort of oriental imagination, take Tamora out of the class of ordinary women. It is in her mouth that we find, for the most part, what readers of Malone's school would call the poetical language of the play. We will select specimens (II. iii.):—

> "The birds chant melody on every bush;
> The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
> The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
> And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
> Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
> And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds
> Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
> As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
> Let us sit down."

Again, in the same scene:—

> "A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
> The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
> O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
> Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
> Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
> And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
> They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
> A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
> Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
> Would make such fearful and confused cries,
> As any mortal body, hearing it,
> Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."

. . . The lines which we have quoted may not be amongst Shakspere's highest things; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with colour and expression. To imagine

that the great passages of a drama are produced like "a copy of verses," under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspere to the coarser delineations of some other man.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

III.

Aaron.

Aaron, the Moor, is a declared blackamoor, to whom a Hebrew name seems to have been given to facilitate the adhesion of hatefulness to his proceedings. I cannot consider his character in detached trait without an odd intermingling of reminiscences of Shylock and Othello. Aaron revels in cruelty and wickedness with a delight that reminds of Shylock gloating over his promised pound of flesh, but with more gratuitous viciousness, for he has not Shylock's provocation—unless, indeed, we detect such a feeling of general resentment against nature for his blackness, as Richard expresses for his deformity—akin both to Shylock's sense of being an object of antipathy to Venice at large, for no better reason than his Judaism. The avaricious Jew who could still think the best worth of a jewel lay in his having "had it of Leah when he was a bachelor," is the invention of a poet who may have owned to the idea of the cruel, coarse, reviling Aaron, still retaining affection for his base offspring. He not only protects his child by Tamora from her indignant sons, but, when he is the captive of Lucius, is prepared to undergo any sufferings rather than forego his chance of preserving his life, and that boon granted he gives loose to his tongue and, as if death under any tortures were indifferent to

him, declares and boasts of his atrocities in terms the most exciting and exasperating. Iago's dogged resolution "to speak no more" seems contrasted with this; but Iago, it will be recollected, made some avowals when he was first apprehended, that indicate pleasure in public scorn of his victims. Still there is a certain devilish glee in Aaron's crime that distinguishes it from that of all other villains of Shakespeare; he gloats over the enjoyment, and resorts to it with the propensity of an indulgence, not under the sting of fury or bitterness. "Inhuman dog" is a term assigned both to Iago and Aaron.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

The Element of Horror.

Shakspere is the tragedy of Terror; this is the tragedy of Horror. . . . It reeks blood, it smells of blood; we almost feel that we have handled blood—it is so gross. The mental stain is not whitened by Shakspere's sweet springs of pity; the horror is not hallowed by that appalling sublimity with which he invested his chosen ministers of death. It is tragedy only in the coarsest material relationships.

MASSEY; *Shakspere's Sonnets never before Interpreted.*

The play bears a close resemblance to the best specimens of dramatic production known on the English stage at the time we suppose it to have been written; and it resembles them in their best qualities. Marlowe, whose *Tamburlaine* was acted before 1587, had just unfettered the English drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and culture of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-resounding

march, and often made it puff well-nigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences then to be had would hardly bestow much applause on any tragedies but what gave them to "sup full of horrors"; and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of any such motives, to provide them banquets of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtle courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived. To discover these hidden courses required the far clearer and keener vision of Shakespeare; nor does it stand to reason that even he or any other man could have discovered them, without first practising in the ways already opened and approved. Of course, as experience gradually developed his native strengths, and at the same time taught him what they were sufficient for, he would naturally throw aside, one after another, the strengths of custom, of example, and public taste; since these would grow to be felt as incumbrances, as he grew able to do better without them.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

A good and noble character (like Titus) breaks through the most indispensable, the most sacred ties of nature, owing to a want of clearness of moral consciousness, of power, and self-control, and tramples upon all parental feelings. It is this deed, which is spun out into the fearful tissue of the following scenes of horror, that first awakens the fiend in Tamora's nature, and the brute in Aaron. When evil is challenged by the good itself, it not only annihilates itself, but the good as well, which, of course, is then no longer truly good. It is from this point of view that the whole drama is composed; it forms the organic centre in which all the separate rays converge. But the horrible, when so accumulated, and made such an ordinary, natural element of life, requires a deeper and

more accurate foundation. It is not sufficient simply to presuppose a general state of decay, because the horrible is not necessarily the *general* form of the tragic, even in such a state of things. However even this fault is one that could be tolerated, at least, it is not wholly wanting in motive. The principal and actual defect is, in reality, the total absence of the *conciliatory* element in the tragic pathos. Titus Andronicus dies without having even once come to the consciousness and conviction of his guilt, to the duty of submitting to the will of the gods, in short, without that which is good and beautiful in him having been purified and sublimated by the tragic pathos. It is the same with his younger sons; nay, even Lavinia, whose character is intended to be one of noble womanliness, can, with cold indifference, hold the basin which is to catch the blood of the two victims, and is herself killed by the dagger of her own father while assisting at the horrible repast. Aaron, Tamora, and Saturnine die as they have lived, and Lucius marks his elevation to the dignity of governor with the command for the inhuman and revolting execution of the Moor. Thus the drama ends in a shrill discord which is but little relieved by the abrupt and cold declaration of the new ruler:—

> "Then afterwards to order well the state
> That like events may ne'er it ruinate."

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

Style and Authorship.

Precocity is the characteristic sign of genius, and, as is well known, almost every poet has made his first poetic flight while his physical nature was still in a state of development. This must have been the case with Shakespeare's contemporaries, Marlowe and Ben Jonson, for they both published works of importance before they came of age. Walter Scott at the age of between fourteen and

fifteen made his first venture in epic poems of considerable length, and Byron in his thirteenth year even attempted to write a drama. Chatterton, Keats, and Shelley are famous instances of early poetical precocity; and in the domain of painting and music are almost surpassed by Raphael, Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. Is Shakespeare alone to be made an exception to the rule? The fact of his early marriage is almost sufficient to convince us of the contrary. Besides, all his outward circumstances and the influence of his home, as well as the poetical, sensuously gay, popular life amidst which he was brought up, must have encouraged the early development of his mind. What an important influence theatrical representations must have exercised upon him we may see in the case of young persons in our own day. Even children who possess a mere minimum of poetical fancy take delight in a puppet show for which they have themselves arranged a play. Looked at from this point of view, it would be unreasonable forthwith to reject as absurd the supposition that *Titus Andronicus* was written before Shakespeare had left Stratford.

ELZE: *William Shakespeare.*

As I re-read this play after coming straight from the study of Marlowe, I find again and again passages that, as it seems to me, no hand but his could have written. It is not easy in a question of this kind to set down in detail reasons for our belief. Marlowe's influence permeated so thoroughly the dramatic literature of his day, that it is hard sometimes to distinguish between master and pupil. When the master is writing at his best there is no difficulty, but when his work is hasty and ill-digested, or has been left incomplete and has received additions from other hands, then our perplexity is great. In our disgust at the brutal horrors that crowd the pages of *Titus Andronicus*, we must beware of blinding ourselves to the imaginative power that marks much of the writing.

BULLEN: *Works of Christopher Marlowe.*

It was no invention of Shakespeare's; it is not reconstructed upon Shakespeare's lines; but, as we see, characters were renamed, some of the matter was recast, crudities were struck out, here and there the writing was touched over, and some fresh lines were inserted. We find lines in which we feel young Shakespeare's touch, and while the whole construction of the play that Shakespeare worked upon is thoroughly unlike the inventions of Shakespeare himself, its crude horrors are, no doubt, felt the more intensely for his removal of absurdities in the first way of telling them, and for touches of his that gave more pomp of words and more force to the style, with now and then some small hint of a grace beyond the reach of the inventor and first writer of the play.

MORLEY: *English Writers.*

The young poet, born in an age and country having a cultivated poetic literature, good or bad, must, until he has formed his own ear by practice, and thus too by practice made his language take the impress and colour of his own mind, echo and repeat the tune of his instructors. This may be observed in Shakespeare's earlier comedies: and to my ear many lines and passages of *Andronicus*—such as the speech of Tamora in Act II. Scene iii., "The birds chant melody on every bush," etc., etc., and in this same Scene the lines in the mouth of the same personage, "A barren detested vale, you see it is," recall the rhythm and taste of much of the poetry of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* The matchless freedom of dramatic dialogue and emotion, and of lyrical movement—the grand organ swell of contemplative harmony, were all to be afterwards acquired by repeated trial and continued practice. The versification and melody of *Titus Andronicus* are nearer to those of Shakespeare's two or three earlier comedies than those are to the solemn harmony of Prospero's majestic morality. . . . Mr. Hallam has said of the undisputed Roman tragedies, that "it is manifest that in these

Roman character and still more Roman manners are not exhibited with the precision of the scholar"—a criticism from which few scholars will dissent as to the manners, though few will agree with it as to "Roman character." But if this be true in any extent of the historical dramas composed in the fulness of the poet's knowledge and talent we shall find the same sort of defects in *Titus Andronicus*, and carried to a greater excess. The story is put together without any historical basis, or any congruity with any period of Roman history. The Tribune of the people is represented as an efficient popular magistrate, while there is an elective yet despotic emperor. The personages are Pagans, appealing to "Apollo, Pallas, Juno, or Mercury," while at the beginning of the play we find a wedding according to the Catholic ritual, with "priest and holy water," and tapers "burning bright"; and at the end an allusion to a Christian funeral, with "burial and mournful weeds and mournful bell"; to say nothing of Aaron's sneer at "Popish ceremonies," or of the "ruined monastery" in the plain near Rome.

For all these reasons, I am so far from rejecting this play as spurious, that I regard it as a valuable and curious evidence of the history of its author's intellectual progress.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

To me, as to Hallam and many others, the play declares as plainly as play can speak, "I am not Shakspere's; my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not and never were, his." I accept the tradition that Ravenscroft reports when he revived and altered the play in 1687, that it was brought to Shakspere to be touched up and prepared for the stage.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

This is the period of Shakspere's tentative dramatic efforts. Among these, notwithstanding strong external

evidence—the testimony of Meres, and the fact that Heminge and Condell included the play in the first folio—it is difficult to admit *Titus Andronicus*. That tragedy belongs to the pre-Shaksperian school of bloody dramas. If any portions of it be from Shakspere's hand, it has at least this interest—it shows that there was a period of Shakspere's authorship when the Poet had not yet discovered himself, a period when he yielded to the popular influences of the day and hour; this much interest, and no more. That Shakspere himself entered with passion or energy into the literary movement which the *Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd may be taken to represent, his other early writings forbid us to believe. The supposed *Sturm und Drang* period of Shakspere's artistic career exists only in the imagination of his German critics. The early years of Shakspere's authorship were years of bright and tender play of fancy and of feeling. If an epoch of storm and stress at any time arrived, it was when Shakspere's genius had reached its full maturity, and *Lear* was the product of that epoch. But *then*, if the storm and stress were prolonged and urgent, Shakspere possessed sufficient power of endurance, and had obtained sufficient grasp of the strong sure roots of life, to save him from being borne away into the chaos or in any direction across the borders of the ordered realm of art. Upon the whole, *Titus Andronicus* may be disregarded. Even if it were a work of Shakspere, we should still call it un-Shaksperian.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
} *sons to Titus Andronicus.*

YOUNG LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus Andronicus.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON,
} *sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, *queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it.*

The Tragedy of

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter below, Saturninus and his Followers from one side, and Bassianus and his Followers from the other side, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.
[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius and Mutius; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them,

Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora Queen of Goths, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
'Ad manes fratrum' sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.
[*Exeunt the sons of Andronicus with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved: but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen,
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter the sons of Andronicus, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons:
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus attended.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[*A long flourish till they come down.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*
Bas. [*Seizing Lavinia*] Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice: 280
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!
Sat. Surprised! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy! 290
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*
[*During the fray Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go out, and re-enter above.*

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Doth overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt all but Titus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

Tit. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son.
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne:
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,

Tendering our sister's honour and our own.
Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace bonjour.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora: 822 Shiti cop. 5.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her! how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c., Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully;
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and their Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;

Madam, to you as many and as good:
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have wrung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelloving noise;
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
While hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him, and I 'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means: away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. [*Giving a letter*] Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads*] 'An if we miss to meet him handsomely—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—

Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Horns winded within. Enter Marcus from hunting.

Mar. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
[*Lieth down; the Judges, &c. pass by him, and Exeunt.*
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them . . .
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent and offendeth not,

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
[*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain:
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;

Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [*To Lav.*] What, would thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them,
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt all but Lucius.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But!' How, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Titus's garden.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless perhaps. But, pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact; ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses:
My mother gave it me.
Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!

My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*] I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door; and at another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus.
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?

Boy. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What 's here? A scroll, and written round about!
Let 's see:

[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.
[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest: the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam;
A joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.
[*He kills the nurse.*
Weke, weke!
So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,

And send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse's body.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The same. A public place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen (Publius, Sempronius, and Caius), with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And then it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus;
[*He gives them the arrows.*
'Ad Jovem,' that 's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem':
'Ad Martem,' that 's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here 's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir: see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the Arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egal justice used in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you godden: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ears
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;

And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art;
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall.
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall all be buried in my death,
'Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I sware to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pried me through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Mar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: what 's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. Before Titus's house.

Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel.
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determined jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*
[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace,
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

Scene III.

Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in,
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Æmilius, Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament moe suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

Enter Titus, like a Cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face, young Lucius, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*Kills Lavinia.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.*
Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy;
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child:

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To Attendants.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task;
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

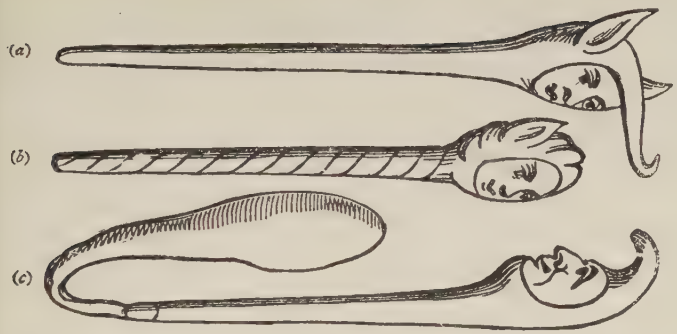
Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; II. iii. 87.
Accited, cited, summoned; I. i. 27.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions (Quartos, Folio 1, *"Acaron"*); IV. iii. 44.
Achieve, obtain; II. i. 80.
Actæon, the Theban prince transformed by Diana into a stag; II. iii. 63.
Advice; "upon a.," on reflection, on consideration; I. i. 379.
——; "good a.," deliberate consideration (Collier conj. *"device"*); IV. i. 92.
Advised; "well a.," not mad, in his right senses; IV. ii. 10.
Advise thee, consider, deliberate; IV. ii. 129.
Affect, desire; II. i. 105.
Affected, loved; II. i. 28.
Affy, confide; I. i. 47.
Afoot; "well a.," in good health; IV. ii. 29.
After, afterwards; II. iii. 123.
Age, seniority; I. i. 8.
Aim; "give me a.," "give room and scope to my thoughts"; V. iii. 149.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. ii. 95.
Anchorage, anchor; I. i. 73.
Annoy, grief, suffering; IV. i. 49.
Appointed, furnished, equipped; IV. ii. 16.
Approve, prove; II. i. 35.
Approved, tried; V. i. 1.
As, so that; II. iii. 103.
Associate, join; V. iii. 169.
At, on; IV. iii. 9.
Author, cause; I. i. 435.

Baleful; "b. mistletoe," with reference to the supposed poisonous berries of the plant; II. iii. 95.
Bane, mischief; V. iii. 73.
Bauble; V. i. 79. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Bay; "at a b.," in my power (a term taken from hunting); IV. ii. 42.
——, barking; II. ii. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 396.
Belike, I suppose; IV. ii. 50.
Bewray, betray, reveal; II. iv. 3.
Blowse, "a ruddy fat-faced wench"; IV. ii. 72.
Bonjour, good morning; I. i. 494.
Boots, avails; V. iii. 18.
Brabble, quarrel; II. i. 62.
Bravely, finely, properly; IV. iii. 112.
Braves, defiance, threatenings; II. i. 30.
——, defies; II. iii. 126.



(*a*) From MS. 6829, National Library, Paris.
(*b*) and (*c*) From ivory carvings in the Maskell collection and in the Louvre.

Break the parle, open the parley; V. iii. 19.
Brethren (trisyllabic); i. i. 348.
Broach, spit; IV. ii. 85.
Buzz, whisper; IV. iv. 7.

Candidatus, candidate; I. i. 185.
Careful, full of care; IV. iii. 30.
Castle, (?) a close helmet (Theobald *"casque"*; Walker, *"crest"*); III. i. 170.
Challenged, accused; I. i. 340.
Chaps, wrinkles; V. iii. 77.
Charm, affect by magic power; II. i. 23.
Charming, having the power of fascination; II. i. 16.
Chase, hunting-ground; II. iii. 255.
Cheer, countenance; I. i. 264.
Chequer'd, variegated; II. iii. 15.
Children (trisyllabic); II. iii. 115.
Clean, entirely; I. i. 129.
Close, secret; IV. ii. 118.
Closing with, humouring; V. ii. 70.
Closure, end; V. iii. 134.
Clubs, Clubs; "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! Clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); II. i. 37.
Cocytus, the infernal river; II. iii, 236.
Codding, lustful; V. i. 99.
Coffin, the crust of a pie; V. ii. 189.
Coil, confusion, ado; III. i. 225.
Common, general; I. i. 21.
Compact, made of, composed; V. iii. 88.
Compassion, compassionate, pity; IV. i. 124.

Complot, plot; II. iii. 265.
Complots, plots; V. i. 65.
Conceit, device, invention; IV. ii. 30.
Conduct, guidance; IV. iv. 65.
Confederate, in league, allied; V. i. 108.
Consecrate, consecrated; I. i. 14; II. i. 121.
Continence, moderation (Collier MS., "*conscience*"); I. i. 15.
Controll'd, hindered; I. i. 420.
Convenient, proper, becoming; V. ii. 90.
Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; IV. i. 12.
Couch, lie hidden; V. ii. 38.
Cousin, niece (used for any kinsman or kinswoman); II. iv. 12.
Cozen'd, cheated; V. iii. 101.
Cut, cut off; V. i. 93.
Cyclops, the giant servants of Vulcan; IV. iii. 46.

Dancing-rapier, a sword worn only for ornament at dancing; II. i. 39. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Days; "no longer d.," no more time; IV. ii. 165.
Deadly-standing, menacing death; II. iii. 32.
Dear, grievous (Hanmer, "*dire*"); III. i. 257.
——, dearly; IV. i. 23.
Decipher'd, detected; IV. ii. 8.
Decreed, decided, determined; II. iii. 274.
Decrees, resolutions; V. ii. 11.
Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; I. i. 361.
Detect, expose; II. iv. 27.
Dian, Diana; II. iii. 61.
Discover, reveal; V. i. 85.
Dispose, dispose of; IV. ii. 17[illegible].
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 26.
Dominator, ruler; II. iii. 31.
Doubted, suspected; II. iii. 60.
Dreadful, full of dread; II. i. 128.
Drive upon, rush upon, attack; II. iii. 64.
Dumps, melancholy; I. i. 391.

From an ornament on a pistol of Shakespeare's time, in the Meyrick collection.

Ecstasies, madness; IV. iv. 21.
Ecstasy, excitement; IV. i. 125.
Egal, equal; IV. iv. 4.
Embracement, embrace; V. ii. 68.
Embrewed, bathed in blood; II. iii. 222.
Emperial's, a blunder for *emperor's*; IV. iii. 94.
Empery, empire, dominion; I. i. 19.

Empress (trisyllabic; Quarto 1, Folios 1, 2, "*Empresse*"; Quarto 2, "*Emperesse*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Emperess*"); I. i. 320.
Enacts, working; IV. ii. 118.
Enceladus, a giant of ancient fable; IV. ii. 93.
Enforced, forced; V. iii. 38.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 82.
Entreats, entreaties; I. i. 449.
Escape, escapade, transgression; IV. ii. 113.
Exclaims, outcries, lamentations (Keightley, "*exclaim*"; Anon. conj., "*extremes*"); IV. i. 86.
Extent, maintenance, application; IV. iv. 3.

Fact, evil deed; IV. i. 39.
Fat, fatten; III. i. 204.
Fear, fear for; II. iii. 305.
Feed, food; IV. iv. 93.
Fell, fallen; II. iv. 50.
Fere, spouse; IV. i. 89.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 127.
Flood, sea; IV. ii. 103.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 172.
For, as for; IV. iii. 39.
——, through; IV. i. 21.
Forfend, forbid; I. i. 434.
Forth, out of; III. i. 84.
Found, found out, discovered; IV. ii. 26.
Framed, formed, fashioned; IV. iii. 46.
Fraught, freight; I. i. 71.
Funeral, burial; IV. ii. 163.
Funerals, obsequies; I. i. 381.

Gad, sharp point; IV. i. 103.
Gear, business; IV. iii. 52.
Gentleness, kindness; I. i. 237.
Glad, gladden; I. i. 166.
Glistering, glittering; II. i. 7.
Gloze, make mere words; IV. iv. 35.
God-den, good evening; IV. iv. 43.
Good; "were as g.," might just as well; IV. iii. 57.
Gramercy, many thanks; I. i. 495.
Gratulate, make glad, gratify; I. i. 221.
Grey; "morn grey" = blue (Hanmer, "*gay*"); II. ii. 1.
Griefs, grievances; I. i. 443.

Hale, drag; V. ii. 51.
Hap, chance; V. ii. 101.
Happily, perchance, perhaps; IV. iii. 8.
Happy, opportune; II. iii. 23.
Head; "fought at head"; "an allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson); V. i. 102.
Heaviness, sadness, sorrow; III. ii. 49.
Heavy, sad; III. i. 277.
——, sad; IV. iii. 25.
Hecuba, the wife of Priam, King of Troy; IV. i. 20.
High-witted, sly, cunning; IV. iv. 35.
Himself; "not with h.," *i.e.* beside himself; I. i. 368.
His, its; III. i. 97.
Holp'st, didst help; IV. iv. 59.
Home, to the quick; II. i. 118.

Honesty, chastity; III. iii. 135.
Honey-stalks, i.e. "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson); IV. iv. 91.
Horse, horses; II. ii. 18.
Hyperion, the Sun god; V. ii. 56.

Ignomy, ignominy, shame; IV. ii. 115.
Imperious, imperial (Quarto 2, Folios, "*imperiall*"); I. i. 250; IV. iv. 81.
Incorporate, incorporated; I. i. 462.
Increase, produce; V. ii. 192.
Indifferently, impartially; I. i. 430.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 12.
Inherit, possess; II. iii. 3.
Insult on, exult, triumph; III. ii. 71.
Intercepted, restrained; II. iii. 80.

Jet upon, i.e. "treat with insolence" (Quartos, "*iet*"; Folios, "*set*"; Malone, "*jut*"); II. i. 64.
Joy, enjoy; II. iii. 83.
Just, just so, exactly; IV. ii. 24.

Kind, nature; II. i. 116.

Laertes' son, Ulysses; I. i. 380.
Lamenting doings, lamentations [Anon. MS. conj. apud Theobald, "*dronings*" for "*doings*"]; III. ii. 62.
Lasting, everlasting; II. iii. 275.
Lave, wash, bathe; IV. ii. 103.
Learn, teach; II. iii. 143.
Leave, cease; I. i. 424.
Leer, complexion; IV. ii. 119.
Leisure; "by l.," in no hurry; I. i. 301.
Like, equal; V. iii. 200.
Limbo, the borders of hell, or hell itself; the *Limbus patrum,* as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his "Paradise of Fools"; III. i. 149.
List, pleases; IV. i. 100.
Lively, living; III. i. 105.
Loaden, laden; V. ii. 53.
Loose, loosen my hold; II. iii. 243.
——, loosen your bow, let fly; IV. iii. 58.
Luxurious, lustful; V. i. 88.

Madded, maddened; III. i. 104.
Manes; "ad manes fratrum," *i.e.* "to the shades of my brothers" (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, "*manus*"); I. i. 98.
Maugre, in spite of; IV. ii. 110.
Mean, means; II. iv. 40.
Meed, recompense; V. iii. 66.
Mesh'd, mashed (a brewer's term); III. ii. 38.
Mightful, full of might; IV. iv. 5.

Minion, pert, saucy person; II. iii. 124.
Mistership, a blunder for "mistress-ship"; IV. iv. 40.
Mock, derision, scorn; IV. iv. 58.
Moe, more; V. iii. 17.

Napkin, handkerchief; III. i. 140.
Nilus, the Nile; III. i. 71.
Note, notice (Pope's emendation of Quartos, Folios, "*notice*"); II. iii. 85.

O'ercome, covered; II. iii. 95.
Of, by; II. iii. 167.
——, from; III. ii. 44.
——, on; IV. iii. 59.
Officious, ready, helpful; V. ii. 202.
On, in; II. iii. 223.
——; "set fire on," *i.e.* set fire to; V. i. 133.
Onset, beginning; I. i. 238.
Opinion, reputation; I. i. 416.
Over-ween; "dost o.," art presumptuous; II. i. 29.

Pack, plot; IV. ii. 155.
Painted hope (*v.* Note); II. iii. 126.
Palliament, robe; I. i. 182.
Parcel, part; II. iii. 49.
Part, depart; I. i. 488.
Passing, surpassingly; II. iii. 84.
Passion, violent sorrow; I. i. 106.
Passionate, express sorrowfully; III. ii. 6.
Patient; "p. yourself," *i.e.* be patient; I. i. 121.
Perforce, of necessity; II. i. 107.
Per Styga, per manes vehor, i.e. I am borne through the Styx, through the kingdom of the dead; II. i. 135.
Philomel, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue to prevent her exposing him; II. iii. 43.
Phœbe, Diana (Quartos, Folio 1, "*Thebe*"); I. i. 316.
Piece, used contemptuously of a person; I. i. 309.
Pitch, used of the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 14.
Piteously, in a manner exciting pity (Heath conj. "*pitilessly*"; Singer [ed. 2], "*piteousless*"; Collier MS., "*despiteously*"); V. i. 66.
Plots, spots of ground; II. i. 115.
Power, armed force; III. i. 300; IV. iv. 63.
Present, immediate, instant; II. iii. 173.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 62; IV. ii. 166.
Prize; "played your p.," a technical term in the ancient fencing-school; I. i. 399.
Progne, wife of Tereus, to whom, in revenge for her sister Philomela, she slaughtered and served up his son Itys to eat; V. ii. 196.
Propose, be ready to meet; II. i. 80.
Put it up, put up with it; I. i. 433.

Put up, i.e. sheathe your swords; II. i. 53.

Quit, requite, revenge; I. i. 141.
Quotes, observes, examines; IV. i. 50.

Rapier, small sword; IV. ii. 85.
Rapine, rape; V. ii. 59.
Re-edified, restored; I. i. 351.
Remembered; "be you r.," remember; IV. iii. 5.
Reprehending, reproving, reprimanding; III. ii. 69.
Requite, revenge; III. i. 297.
Reserved, preserved, kept safe; I. i. 165.
Resolve, tell; V. iii. 35.
Rolled, coiled (Collier MS., "*coiled*"); II. iii. 13.
Rue, pity; I. i. 105.
Ruffle, be turbulent and disorderly; I. i. 313.

Sacred (used ironically, with perhaps a quibble on the Latin use = accursed); II. i. 120.
Sanguine, blood-coloured; IV. ii. 97.
Saturn, the planet of hate and gloom; II. iii. 31.
Scath, injury; V. i. 7.
Secure of, safe from; II. i. 3.
Self-blood, selfsame blood; IV. ii. 123.
Semiramis, the queen of Assyria, proverbial for her voluptuousness and cruelty; II. iii. 118.
Sensibly; "endowed with the same feelings as you"; IV. ii. 122.
Sequence; "in s.," one after the other; IV. i. 37.
Sequester'd, separated (Quartos, Folios, "*sequestred*"); II. iii. 75.
Servile, slavish (Quarto 2, Folios, "*idle*"); II. i. 18.
Shall, will; IV. iv. 107.
Shape, form; IV. iv. 57.
Shive, slice; II. i. 87.
Sibyl, one of the Roman prophetesses; IV. i. 105.
Single, isolate; "s. you," bring unattended; II. i. 117.
Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; V. iii. 85.
Sit fas aut nefas, be it right or wrong (a popular Latin phrase); II. i. 133.
Sith, since; I. i. 271; IV. iii. 49.
Slip, scion; V. i. 9.
Smooth, flatter; IV. iv. 96.
Solemn, ceremonious; II. i. 112.
Solon's happiness, alluding to Solon's saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death; I. i. 177.
Some deal, somewhat; III. i. 245.
Somewhat, something; IV. i. 9.
Somewhither, somewhere, to some place or other; IV. i. 11.
Speak fair, humour; V. ii. 140.
Speed, succeed (Delius conj. "*speak*"); I. i. 372.
Splecnful, hot, eager; II. iii. 191.
Spurn, hurt, stroke; III. i. 101.

Square, quarrel; II. i. 100.
——, shape; III. ii. 31.
Stale, laughing-stock; I. i. 304.
Stand on, insist on; IV. iv. 105.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 252.
Stay'd, detained; II. iii. 181.
Still, always, continually; III. ii. 30.
——, constant; III. ii. 45.
Stint, stop, silence; IV. iv. 86.
Stood upon, set a high value upon; II. iii. 124.
Straight, straightway, immediately; I. i. 127.
Stuprum, violation; IV. i. 78.
Subscribe, submit; IV. ii. 130.
Succeed, succeeded; I. i. 40.
Successantly, (?) following after another, or, perhaps, successfully (Rowe, "*successfully*"; Capell, "*incessantly*"; Collier conj. "*thou instantly*"); Cartwright conj. "*you instantly*"); IV. iv. 113.
Successive; "my s. title," "my title to the succession"; I. i. 4.
Suppose, supposition; I. i. 440.
Surance, assurance; V. ii. 46.
Suum cuique, to every man his due; I. i. 280.
Swarth, swarthy, black (Quarto 1, "*swartie*"; Capell, "*swarty*"); II. iii. 72.
Sweet water, perfumed water; II. iv. 6.
Swelling, full to bursting; V. iii. 13.
Swounded, swooned, fainted; V. i. 119.
Take up, make up; IV. iii. 92.
Tedious, laborious; II. iv. 39.
Temper, shape, mould; IV. iv. 109.
——, mix; V. ii. 200.
Tendering, caring for; I. i. 476.
Tent, I. i. 138. (The annexed examples of Roman tents of the time of Julius Cæsar are from ancient bas-reliefs at Rome.)

That, that which; I. i. 408.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 40.
Threats, threatens; IV. iv. 67.
Ticed, enticed; II. iii. 92.
Timeless, untimely; II. iii. 265.
Titan, the sun-god; I. i. 226.
To, into; I. i. 421.
Tofore, before; II. i. 294.
Train'd, enticed; V. i. 104.
Tribunal plebs, a blunder for "tribunus plebis" = the tribune of the people; IV. iii. 92.
Trump, trumpet; I. i. 275.
Tully's Orator, i.e. Cicero's *De Oratore*; IV. i. 14.
Turn, return; V. ii. 141.
Typhon, i.e. Typhœus, one of the giants of ancient fables; IV. ii. 94.

Uncouple, loosen the hounds; II. ii. 3.
Uncouth, strange, perplexing; II. iii. 211.
Undertake, answer for, guarantee; I. i. 436.
Unfurnish'd, deprived; II. iii. 56.
Unjustice, injustice; IV. iv. 18.
Unkind, unnatural; V. iii. 48.
Unrecuring, past cure, incurable; III. i. 90.
Unroll, uncoil; III. iii. 35.
Up and down, exactly, at all points; V. ii. 107.
Uprise, rising; III. i. 159.
Urchins, hedgehogs; II. iii. 101.

Virgo, the constellation of that name (in the old myth it represents Astræa, after she left the Earth); IV. iii. 64.
Voice, vote; I. i. 21.
Vouch, make good; I. i. 360.

Wags, moves; V. ii. 87.
Wall-eyed, fierce-eyed; V. i. 44.
Ware, wore; I. i. 6.
Weeds, garments; I. i. 70.
Welkin, sky; III. i. 212.
Well said, well done; IV. iii. 63.
What, why; I. i. 189.
Whenas, when; IV. iv. 92.
White-limed, white-washed; IV. ii. 98.
Who, whom; II. iii. 55.
Wind, scent; IV. i. 97.
——; "have the w. of you," keep an eye upon you; IV. ii. 133.
Wit, mental power (Warburton, "*will*"); II. i. 10.
With, by; II. iii. 78.
Witty, possessed of wit; IV. ii. 29.
Wot, know; II. i. 48.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. iii. 33.
Wreaks, resentments; IV. iv. 11.
Wrongfully, wrongful; IV. iv. 76.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5-6. '*I am his first-born son, that was last That ware*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3 read '*I was the first-born son, that was the last That wore*'; Folio 4, '*I was the first-born Son of him that last Wore*'; Pope, '*I am the first-born son of him that last Wore*'; Collier, '*I am his . . . That wore*'; Collier MS., '*I am the first borne Sonne, of him the last That wore.*'

I. i. 62. '*gates*'; Capell reads '*gates, tribunes*'; Collier MS., '*brazen gates.*'

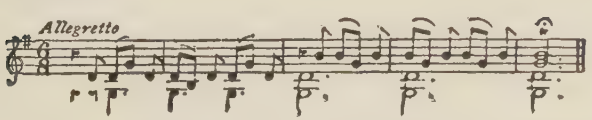
I. i. 138. '*his tent*'; Theobald reads '*her tent*' (alluding to Hecuba beguiling Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other Trojan captives were).

I. i. 154. '*drugs*'; Quarto 1, '*drugges*'; Quarto 2, '*grudgges*'; Folios, '*grudges.*'

I. i. 485. '*stand up*'; perhaps these words were, as Pope suggested, merely a stage-direction.

II. i. 82, 83; *cf.* 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 77, 78; *Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 229.

II. ii. 10. '*Horns winded in a peal.*' *Cp.* the subjoined old French hunting fanfare (here reproduced from Naylor's '*Shakespeare and Music*').



II. iii. 20. '*yellowing*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*yelping*'; Pope, '*yelling.*'

II. iii. 93. '*barren detested*'; Rowe reads '*barren and detested*'; Capell, '*bare, detested.*'

II. iii. 126. '*painted hope braves your mightiness*'; so Quartos,

Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*painted hope, she . . .*'; Warburton, '*painted cope she . . .*'; Capell, '*paint now braves your mightiness*'; Steevens conj. '*painted, braves your . . .*'; etc., etc.

II. iii. 132. '*outlive, us*'; Theobald's pointing; Quartos, Folios, '*outliue us*'; Dyce (ed. 2), '*outlive ye.*'

II. iii. 152. '*paws*'; Collier MS., '*claws.*'

II. iv. 5. '*scrowl*'; Quartos, '*scrowle*'; Folios 1, 2, '*scowle*'; Folios 3, 4, '*scowl*'; Delius, '*scrawl.*'

II. iv. 9. '*case*'; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, '*cause.*'

II. iv. 49. '*Which that sweet tongue hath made*'; so Quartos, Folios; Hanmer, '*Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made*'; Collier MS., '*Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy*'; etc.

III. i. 12. '*For these, tribunes*'; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folio 4, '*For these, these, Tribunes*'; Malone, '*For these, good tribunes*'; Jackson conj. '*For these two tribunes*'; Collier conj. '*For these, O tribunes.*'

III. i. 17. '*urns*'; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*ruines*'; Folio 4, '*ruins.*'

III. i. 34-36. Quarto 2 reads '*or if they did marke, All bootlesse unto them*'; Folios, '*oh if they did heare They would not pitty me*'; Capell, '*or, if they did mark, All bootless unto them, they would not pity me,*' etc.

III. i. 67. '*sight*'; Theobald, '*spight.*'

III. i. 86. '*Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear*'; Collier MS. reads '*Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young*'; Folio 4, '*Sweet various . . .*'; etc.

III. i. 125. '*as*'; the reading of Collier, from Collier MS. and Long MS.; Quartos, Folios, '*in*'; Rowe, '*like.*'

III. i. 210. '*would*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*wilt*'; Capell conj. '*wou't.*'

III. i. 226. '*blow*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, Quartos, '*flow.*'

III. i. 282-3. '*employ'd in these things,*' etc.; so Folios; Quartos, '*imployde in these Armes*'; perhaps, as the Cambridge editors suggest, the original MS. had as follows:—

> "*And thou, Lavinia, shall be employed,*
> *Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,*"

the Quarto reading being due to a correction of '*teeth*' to '*armes*'; the latter being taken by the printer as belonging to the previous line.

III. i. 292. *'leaves'*; Rowe's emendation of Quartos; Folios, *'loues.'*

III. ii. The whole of this scene is omitted in Quartos.

III. ii. 13. *'with outrageous beating'*; Folio 1 reads *'without ragious beating.'*

IV. i. 9. *'Fear her not'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'Feare not'*; Rowe, *'Fear thou not.'*

IV. i. 45. *'Soft! so busily'*; Quartos; Folios read *'Soft, so busily'*; Rowe, *'Soft! see how busily'*; Capell, *'Soft, soft; how busily'*; Knight, *'Soft! how busily'*; Keightley, *'Soft, soft! so busily'*; Collier MS., *'Soft! see how busily.'*

IV. i. 81-82. *'Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?"*; *i.e.* Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? (Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671); Theobald, *'Magne Dominator'*; Hanmer, *'Magne Regnator.'*

IV. i. 129. *'Revenge, ye heavens,'* Johnson conj.; *Reuenge the heauens,'* so Quartos, Folios.

IV. ii. 8, 76. Omitted in Folios.

IV. ii. 20-21. 'He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow' (Horace, *Odes*, I. 22).

IV. ii. 26. *'sound'*; Theobald conjectured *'Fond,' i.e.* foolish; but *'sound'* is probably to be taken ironically.

IV. ii. 165. *'take no longer days'*; Collier MS., *'make no longer delays.'*

IV. iii. 16. *'then,'* a misprint for *'that.'*

IV. iii. 2. *'let'*; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'now let.'*

IV. iii. 4. *'Terras Astræ reliquit'*; *i.e.* Astræ (the goddess of Justice) left the earth (Ovid *Metam.* i. 150).

IV. iii. 56. *'To Saturn, Caius'*; Capell's emendation; Quartos, Folios read *'To Saturnine, to Caius'*; Rowe (ed. 1), *'To Cœlus and to Saturn'*; (ed. 2), *'To Saturn and to Cœlus.'*

IV. iv. 37. *'Thy life-blood out'*; Folio 2, *'out'*; Folio 3, *'on't'*; Walker suggested that a previous line had been lost, but the text seems correct = "and drawn thy life-blood out."

IV. iv. 103. Omitted in Quarto 2 and Folios; the reading of Quarto 1.

V. i. 17. *'All the Goths,'* should be *'The other Goths,'* as the 'First Goth' is kept distinct.

V. i. 42. An allusion to the old proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye" (Malone).

V. i. 93. *'And cut her hands'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'And cut her hands off'*; Collier MS., *'Cut her hands off.'*

V. i. 122. A proverb found in *Ray's* collection.

V. i. 132. *'break their necks'*; Malone conj. *'break their necks and die'*; Jackson conj. *'stray and break their necks'*; Collier MS., *'ofttimes break their necks'*; etc.

V. ii. 80. *'ply'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'play.'*

V. ii. 162; iii. 52. Omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 73. *'Lest Rome'*; Capell's reading; Quartos, Folios, *'Let Rome'*; Malone, *'Lest Rome.'*

V. iii. 124. *'And as he is'*; so Quartos, Folios; Theobald reads *'Damn'd as he is.'*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

8. *wrong mine age*:—Meaning his claims as his father's oldest son.

17. *Romans*:—As a matter of orthoepy, it is perhaps worthy of notice that throughout this play, and generally in English books printed before the middle of the seventeenth century, this word is spelled *Romaines* or *Romanes*. "Romaine" could hardly have been pronounced *roman*.

77. *defender of this Capitol*:—Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

101. It was supposed that the ghosts of the unburied dead appeared on earth, to haunt the living and solicit the rites of funeral.

168. *fame's eternal date*:—To outlive an eternal date is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

201. *obtain and ask*:—Perhaps intended as an instance of the hysteron-proteron—"the cart before the horse"—of classical rhetoric. But Staunton and others think that the line should read, "*Ask*, Titus, and thou shalt obtain the empery."

240. *empress*:—Here and elsewhere in this play this word is a trisyllable. Five lines above, *election* is a quadrisyllable, according to a common usage of Shakespeare's day.

271. "It was pity," remarks Steevens, "to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose anew; and she who was

engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora [II. iii. 66 *et seq.*] is of so coarse a nature that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice."

280. *Cuique* is here used as a trisyllable. "*Cui* and *huic*," says Walker, "were in the schools of Shakespeare's time pronounced as dissyllables, as they are still perhaps in some of the Scotch ones; and were supposed to be admissible in Latin verse composed after the Augustan models."

290. Titus, who sacrifices himself for his country, and his country to an unworthy first-born of a prince, completes the exhibition of spurious loyalty by supporting the new-elected Saturninus in depriving Bassianus of his betrothed Lavinia. There is no hint whatever that Titus is moved by ambition to have his daughter an empress, he is simply following his blind soldierlike maxim of obedience. He has no thought for the feelings she might be supposed to entertain, though in truth she does not betray them, and when his sons exclaim at the injustice, Titus disavows all right as opposed to sacred prerogative, and buries his sword in the bosom of his own child.

379. *The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax*:—The allusion, as Theobald remarked, is to a part of Sophocles' tragedy *Ajax*, in which Ulysses ("wise Laertes' son") and Teucer strenuously and successfully plead with Agamemnon for permission to bury the body of Ajax.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

79, 80. Chiron appears to mean that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would venture them all to achieve her.

1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 78, 79:—

82, 83. These two lines occur, with very little variation, in

> "She 's *beautiful* and therefore *to* be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore *to* be won."

See also *Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 229:—

> "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
> Was ever woman in this humour won?"

85-87. *more water . . . shive*:—There is a proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps"; and another, "It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf." So in Warner's *Albion's England*: "A sheeve of bread as brown as nut." Both proverbs are found in *The Cobbler of Canterbury*, 1590: "Thus the Prior and the Smithes wife contented and enjoying their harts desire, the poore Smith loved her not a whit the worse, neither did he suspect anything, for the blind eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller wots not on. . . . By this the Prior perceived, that the scull had cut a shive on his loafe."

123. *file our engines with advice*:—That is, facilitate the workings of our machinations by her advice: with allusion to the use of the file for smoothing machinery to make it run free.

Scene II.

1 *et seq.* The internal evidence that has weighed against the authenticity of the play rests on the defects of its versification, which in large portions and in the first Scene especially, is tame, flat, monotonous; on the absence of dramatic spirit and poetic imagery, a charge which however is not universally applicable; and lastly, on the savage details of the story. The monotonous and tame versification is quite consistent with an early, perhaps the earliest, essay of Shakespeare, and, as some think, we may trace in the play the gradations by which this embarrassed style grew into the true Shakespearian vigour. In the second and third Scenes of this Act we have several speeches in which we may recognize the struggling attempt to that perfect harmonizing of imagery and verse of which *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is the triumph. Compare these opening lines; also iii. 10 *et seq.*

9. *I have been troubled*, etc.:—Rolfe finds this "like Shakespeare's fondness for presentiments," and argues that "the passage is probably his."

Scene III.

72. *Cimmerian*:—The Moor is called *Cimmerian* from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

86. *noted long*:—Yet Saturninus and Tamora have been married but one night.

89. [*Enter Demetrius and Chiron.*] "The Greek names of Chiron and Demetrius," says Lloyd, "give a certain Byzantine colour to the story, which is helped by the tenour of the court intrigues and violences. Indeed, it is difficult not to think that the plot at large owes much to the suggestiveness of the history or story of Belisarius—the mighty general of an ungrateful country and emperor, in age and blindness begging for his bread. The Empress Theodosia was raised by Justinian, if not from the position of a captive, from one still lower, and had vice enough to furnish motive for the invention of Tamora; and even the eunuch Narses, the rival of Belisarius, is an appearance in the imperial court un-Roman enough to niche opposite to Aaron."

104. *Should straight fall mad,* etc.:—This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet,* IV. iii. 45 *et seq.*

126. *painted hope*:—Johnson explains this as meaning "only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid."

148. *a bastard*:—White remarks that "Lavinia says nothing about Chiron's father; but his reply would justify the belief that Tamora had played false with a true Milesian." "How," asks White, "was he to prove himself *a bastard,* by being unlike *his mother*?"

227. *A precious ring,* etc.:—Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "He farther beheld and saw *a carbuncle that lighted all the house.*" And Drayton, in *The Muses' Elysium*:—

> "That admired, mighty stone,
> The *carbuncle* that 's named;
> Which from it such a flaming light
> And radiancy ejecteth,
> That in the very darkest night
> The eye to it directeth."

Scene IV.

Upon the horrors set down at the beginning of this Scene Wilkes has this indignant observation: "Shakespeare may be acquitted of the barbarity of this device, but he cannot be excused

the error of adopting it; an author who takes advantage of the trust reposed in him by his audience, to wound their best feelings with unnecessary horrors, is nearly as bad as the characters who perpetrate them. A writer should reach his climax by tolerable steps, and he is not justified in exercising his art so as to cause us to love a beautiful ideal, merely that he may torture it in our presence, any more than a boy has a right to expect us to honour him for his dexterity in driving pins through flies."

5. *scrowl*:—"An unintelligible reading," says Schmidt. Some editors take *scrowl* for another form of *scroll*. Fabyan's *Chronicle* has, "the *scrowle* of resygnacyon"; and Burnet's *Records*, "accompts, books, *scroles*, instruments, or other writings."

26. *some Tereus hath deflowered thee*:—Tereus, King of Thrace, married Progne, to whose sister Philomela he was much attached, and of whom he at last became desperately enamoured. He ravished her, and, to free himself from her reproaches and her accusations, cut out her tongue. She finally made known her situation by means of her needle (sampler fashion): she was succoured by her sister Progne, who took revolting and unnatural vengeance upon Tereus. Progne was changed into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale. So goes the old story.

51. *Cereberus*, the three-headed dog fabled to guard the portals of the infernal regions, is alluded to in several of these plays. He is referred to here as being lulled to sleep by the music of Orpheus, *the Thracian poet.*

The events of this Scene are thus narrated in the old ballad in Percy's *Reliques*:—

> But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
> The empresse's two sonnes of savage kind
> My daughter ravished without remorse,
> And took away her honour, quite perforce.
>
> When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre,
> Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
> They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
> How that dishonoure unto her befell.
>
> Then both her hands they basely cut off quite,
> Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
> Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
> The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes;
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

•[*Rome.*] The political condition represented in the drama has great peculiarities, and while inconsistent throughout with Roman history, is consistent with itself. We appear to be presented with a view of a free commonwealth, with mixed popular and patrician institutions—tribunes and senators, passing through the stage of a virtual but unrecognized monarchy to an Eastern despotism. Roman history furnished a certain parallel to most of the political circumstances, but never to the exact relative distribution of power, to say nothing of special detail.

10. Hudson, instead of *two and twenty,* adopts (Harvard ed.) Lettsom's reading, *one-and-twenty.*

72. *I'll chop*:—Rolfe states that "Steevens conjectured 'or chop,' because Titus, after chopping off one hand, would not be able to chop off the other!" Rolfe refers for comparison to lines 77, 78.

231. *For why*:—Much used formerly as meaning *because, inasmuch as,* and the like.

257. *with this dear sight*:—The word *dear* has here, as in many other passages in these plays, an intensifying, superlative sense which it is not easy to express or explain, but which, though it may be difficult of comprehension to some, is easy of apprehension by all. Its force is entirely of degree, not at all of kind; and it is applied indiscriminately to that which is good and that which is bad, that which is welcome and that which is unwelcome, that which is loved and that which is hated. We still say, "my dearest friend"; but in *Hamlet* (I. ii. 182) we find "my dearest foe."

Scene II.

9. *Who, when my heart,* etc.:—The *who* here certainly makes the passage entirely inconsequential. But Dyce asks, and, in White's opinion, with much reason, if this may not be due to the

author's ungrammatical use of the relative. Rowe and subsequent editors change *who* to *and*, regardless of utter dissimilarity of the words in form and sound.

12. *Map of woe* is *image* or *picture* of woe. So in *Richard II.*, V. i. 12: "Thou *map* of honour."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

77. [*She takes the staff*, etc.] Thus the old ballad:—

> But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
> With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
> For my Lavinia I lamented more
> Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.
>
> When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
> With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
> We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
> Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.
>
> For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
> She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:—
> "The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
> Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

104. *Gad* is Anglo-Saxon for any pointed weapon, or the point of any weapon; and an ox gad or goad was originally a rod tipped with a point. The name has remained, although a lash has taken the place of the point.

Scene II.

44. *for to say amen*:—White says: "It is noteworthy that in this play (Act. IV. Sc. ii.) we find an instance of the idiom 'for to,' which Greene used so freely, and which Shakespeare and Marlowe so carefully avoided; and one of 'when-as' (Act IV. Sc. iv.) which occurs often in the works of both Greene and Marlowe, but never, I believe, in any undoubted play of Shakespeare's. It is also worthy of observation that the three or four instances of similarity of expression between this play and other

works bearing Shakespeare's name connect it only with *Venus and Adonis*, his earliest poem, and with the First Part of *Henry VI.* and *The Taming of the Shrew*—two plays in which Shakespeare has but a part interest; sharing again with Greene and Marlowe, almost without a doubt."

72. *blowse*:—If *blowsy* mean ruddy and fat-faced, the substantive would seem not correctly applied to a new-born black-amoor child. Perhaps it had passed into a familiar term of jocose endearment for a child. Richardson explains a *blowse* as "one who has been well blown upon, or exposed to blowing winds."

156. *pack*:—For other instances of the use of *pack* for plot, see *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. ii. 118: "A *pack*, a conspiracy against me"; also *The Comedy of Errors*, V. i. 219, 220: "That goldsmith there, were he not *pack'd* with her, could witness it."

173-181. Lloyd here makes the following observation regarding the metrical workmanship: "Aaron's address to his child that concludes [this Scene] leaves little to be desired, and generally as the play advances there does seem to be an improved mastery of the instrument of language. It is remarkable withal that rhymes couplet and alternate are rare throughout the play; this would seem to indicate that with Shakespeare indulgence in rhyme was the result, in the first instance, of very luxuriance of versifying power that was not developed at first, but grew with the general growth of his facility—was allowed the rein in certain compositions which contain blank verse as fine as any he ever wrote, and then was controlled and subjected in the general progress of his powers towards perfect development and unity of balanced activity."

Scene III.

5. *Be you remember'd*:—Compare with this these lines (607, 608) in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

> "O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
> From vassal actors can be wiped away."

7. *Ocean* is here, as in other instances in this play, a trisyllable.

43, 44. '*I'll dive*,' etc.:—Observe that *Acheron*, the river of the infernal regions, is here represented as a *burning lake*—one of the

Poet's frequent uses of license. Compare the imagery of the passage with 1 *Henry IV.*, I. iii. 203-205:—

> "Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
> And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

Scene IV.

108 *et seq.* The following observations of Lloyd afford light alike on what is past and what is to follow: "After Lucius has betaken himself to the Goths, and Titus is giving way to half-crazy laments and insults to the Emperor, there is considerable melodramatic excitements produced by the uncertainty whether Tamora, who proposes to 'temper that old Andronicus with all the art she has, to pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths,' may not succeed in her plan. Even after Titus, whether in sane or madman method, has cut the throats of Chiron and Demetrius, we feel apprehension lest Lucius may be deceived, and even his precautions frustrated. The reader is relieved, and the catastrophe arrives when [V. iii.] Titus having killed Lavinia first, then stabs Tamora, whom he had caused to eat unwittingly of the flesh of her own sons. It is in harmony with the character of Titus as delineated all through the play, that to the last he does not appear to meditate violence against Saturninus. He falls himself by the hand of the Emperor, who finds an executioner in Lucius, exasperated at the sight of his father's death."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

121 *et seq.* "It has been said," remarks Knight, "that 'there is not a shade of difference between the two Moors, Eleazar and Aaron.' Eleazar is a character in *Lust's Dominion*, incorrectly attributed to Marlowe. Trace the cool, determined, sarcastic, remorseless villain, Aaron, through these blood-spilling scenes, and see if he speaks in 'King Cambyses' vein,' as Eleazar speaks in the following lines:—

> 'Now, Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
> Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I 'll sing

Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones—
The proudest instrument the world affords;
When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
Mine is the Stage, thine the Tragedy.'

It appears manifest that, although the author of *Titus Andronicus* did choose—in common with the best and the most popular of those who wrote for the early stage, but contrary to his after-practice—a subject which should present to his comparatively rude audiences the excitement of a succession of physical horrors, he was so far under the control of his higher judgement, that, avoiding their practice, he steadily abstained from making his "'verses jet on the stages in tragical buskins; every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun.'"

Scene II.

206. The old ballad thus carries the narrative to the end of this Scene:—

The Moore, delighting still in villainy
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootless hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they),
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Scene III.

"The Poet," says a critic, "grinds his red colour with stintless liberality, and might seem to sit down to his task fresh from the bloody conflicts of the bear-garden, as he expected an audience whose tastes were trimmed to such a school. But even here it may be we recognize the hand of Shakespeare—the prentice hand. The horrors of the tragedy are scarcely greater than occur in his own masterpieces, or in those of mighty dramatists his predecessors, they are matched in *Hamlet*, in *Lear*, in *Œdipus Tyrannus*; but they are not relieved and counterbalanced by the other aids of tragic art in its highest form, that enable us to read the plays enumerated with equable satisfaction and delight. Shakespeare's early plays for the most part exhibit severally some single of his resources in excess, some one of his powers luxuriant to rankness at the expense of, as if unknown to, the others. In *Titus Andronicus* this predominance is allowed to the quality that even in tragedy least admits such license, barbarous execution and revolting cruelty."

60 *et seq.* The old ballad concludes:—

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, served in stately wise,

Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

64. [*Kills Titus.*] Ulrici makes this comment, which sums up the chief tragic features of the play: "That the hero is not undeservedly overpowered by his tragic fate, is evident if, on the one hand, we consider the cold-blooded indifference with which he causes Tamora's eldest son to be conducted as a victim to the sacrifice—an act of cruelty in which his own sons take part; on the other hand, the passionate heat in which he strikes down his own child for a pardonable opposition to his will, and finally the fearful inhuman revenge he takes upon the doubtless equally inhuman queen. Moreover, poetical justice is also satisfied by the common ruin which in the end overtakes all those that are guilty. Lastly, it must not be overlooked that the foundation of the whole is based upon those later days of the Roman empire, which, as is well known, were so full in horrible deeds of every description, and that the history of the time almost outstrips the boldest imagination. The character of the age forms so decidedly the background of the whole picture, that the piece thereby somewhat resembles the historical dramas, and, accordingly, ought to be viewed and examined by no other than the spirit of the age. When this is done it will be found that the tragic element, in this case, could not have been represented otherwise; and it may be asked, if horror does really exist in history, why should not the tragic element sometimes also assume this form?"

Questions on Titus Andronicus.

1. Give some account of early editions; of critical opinion as to date of composition.

2. What can you say regarding the source of the plot? Is the original story historical, or wholly fictitious?

3. Was Rome, at any time during the rule of the emperors seated there, at war with the Goths?

4. What time is covered by the play as represented on the stage?

ACT FIRST.

5. State the significance of the respective appeals of Saturninus and Bassianus in the opening speeches. What effect has the counsel of Marcus Andronicus upon the rival brothers?

6. What impression is here given of the character, services, and influence of Titus?

7. Does the mutual submission of the rivals to *the people's favour* bear the marks of sincerity and magnanimity?

8. Is the note of heroism strongly sounded in the first speech of Titus, *Hail, Rome*, etc.? In the closing lines do you feel pathos and tenderness? Are they dramatically effective? The first six lines are thought to be of Shakespearian quality: do you find them so?

9. Lucius demands *the proudest prisoner of the Goths* as a sacrifice to the shades of his brothers: does this illustrate Roman custom? Explain lines 100, 101.

10. Who is yielded by Titus for the sacrifice? Name the qualities shown in Tamora's remonstrance against the killing of her son. What is meant (line 130) by *irreligious piety*?

11. Does the speech of Demetrius, *Oppose not Scythia*, etc., exhibit a spirit much different from that of the proud Romans?

12. How does Lavinia's first speech commend her?

13. Does Titus show himself magnanimous in refusing *the empery*, or is he determined solely by the desire of *a staff of honour for* his *age, but not a sceptre to control the world*? Is

his self-denial—if that it be—mistaken in giving way to such a corrupt man as Saturninus? Might he not without blame have accepted the crown?

14. What is foreshadowed by the insolent behaviour of Saturninus in this scene with the tribunes?

15. How does Saturninus (238-240) offer to begin his advancement of the name and family of Titus?

16. Comment on the sort of loyalty which makes Titus completely surrender to Saturninus, even to supporting him in depriving Bassianus of his betrothed Lavinia. In this last action is Titus moved by ambition to have his daughter an empress, or is he, soldier-like, blindly obedient? Account for his want of moral vision in this matter, and for his ferocity in killing his rightly protesting son Mutius.

17. Failing to get Lavinia, whom does Saturninus quickly choose for his queen? What is Tamora's oath to him?

18. At this point how is the change of attitude on the part of Saturninus towards Titus foreshadowed?

19. How is the implacability of Titus shown at the burial of Mutius? Summarize the rest of the Scene.

20. Does Tamora yet begin to reveal her purpose of vengeance on the family of Titus? Is her hypocrisy transparent? In this procedure do you regard her or Saturninus as principal?

21. What political conditions does this Scene represent? Are they consistent with Roman history? Are they consistently presented here?

22. Do you observe such defects of versification—monotony, tameness, etc.—in the first Act as afford internal evidence against the authenticity of the play? See lines 117-119 and 141, 142, and say whether you attribute them to Shakespeare, and if so, why.

ACT SECOND.

23. Describe the self-revelation of Aaron upon his entrance. What is its foreshadowing of the plot?

24. What signifies the quarrel of Demetrius and Chiron and the intervention of Aaron?

25. In what other play are there passages similar to Sc. i., lines 82, 83? Mention two proverbs in lines closely following.

26. Is the cruel craftiness, the revolting villainy of Aaron in his suggestions to the brothers portrayed with Shakespeare's skill,

or must we here suppose another hand? Lines 1-6 of Sc. ii. are by some considered worthy of Shakespeare: do you recognize his manner here?

27. For what is this short Scene a dramatic preparation?

28. Lines 10-15 of Sc. iii. are much claimed for Shakespeare: what quality of his do you find in them?

29. Knight calls Tamora "the presiding genius of the piece": is her supremacy already felt? How is the plot advanced by this passage between her and Aaron?

30. What imports the dialogue following between Bassianus, Tamora, and Lavinia?

31. Do the wrongs of Tamora mitigate our detestation of her in the atrocities which she now assists to perpetrate?

32. What womanly traits come out most plainly here in Lavinia? Repeat some of her more striking words.

33. Measure the vindictiveness of Tamora by what she says in lines 187-189, and the diabolical ingenuity of Aaron by what directly follows. Which has the larger resources for compassing evil?

34. Titus has already shown weakness in his relations with Saturninus: comment on his display of it in kneeling to the emperor, who has wrongly accused his sons.

35. Is Titus capable of strength when away from his camp and involved in civil embroilments?

36. Is anything indicated as to the development of the plot by the long speech of Marcus in Sc. iv.?

ACT THIRD.

37. What contrast is presented at the opening of this Act between Titus and Lucius?

38. Does not Titus reach the extremity of weakness in continuing to plead with the tribunes, although he feels them to be *more hard than stones*?

39. Is the show of force on the part of Lucius any less futile at this point than the maunderings of his father?

40. Describe the emotional qualities exhibited after the entrance of Marcus and Lavinia.

41. Lines 82-86 and 91-97 of Sc. i. are pointed out as probably Shakespeare's: do you perceive anything which distinguishes them in manner or quality from their context?

42. Consider the dominant motive in Titus when he submits

to the loss of his hand: is it unmixed paternal solicitude? Who offer to make the sacrifice in his stead? Is the firmness of Titus at this moment heroic?

43. When does Titus first become fully aware of the injuries done to him by Chiron and Demetrius?

44. Does he show signs of being aroused to the real conditions after the emperor sends him the heads of his two sons along with the hand which he had cut off to ransom them?

45. What does Titus bid Lucius do in preparation for revenge, and what does Lucius say in response?

46. Compare this mood of Titus with the description given of him by his brother Marcus in the fourth Act (Sc. i., line 129): *But yet so just that he will not revenge.*

47. Does what we have seen of him warrant this estimate of Titus?

48. What is the purpose of Sc. ii. of the third Act? Does it contribute anything to the action?

49. Interpret the language and action of Titus and Marcus on the killing of a fly.

50. Why is the Boy introduced?

ACT FOURTH.

51. Explain the opening passage between Lavinia and the Boy.

52. What does Lavinia succeed in conveying by means of the book? By what device does she finally reveal the crime of Chiron and Demetrius against her?

53. If she was thus to make disclosure, what need for the author to have her hands chopped off and her tongue cut out? Is this a gratuitous heaping up of horror?

54. Titus appeals to the great ruler of the skies—*Magni Dominator poli*, etc.: from what Roman tragedy is this, with slight alteration, taken?

55. What is suggested by the dialogue just below, between Titus and the Boy?

56. Marcus had tried to calm Titus after his appeal to the ruler of the skies: what do you say of the appeal to the heavens wherewith Marcus himself closes Sc. i.?

57. What is foreshown of the approaching mental state of Titus by the works of Aaron in Sc. ii., line 3? What by the ironical astuteness of the Boy in his passage with Chiron and Demetrius?

58. Give the meaning of the celebrated lines (20, 21) from Horace, and the significance of their introduction here. How are they taken by Chiron, Aaron, and Demetrius? How does the brutal cynicism of these three affect us?

59. In this scene with the Nurse does not Aaron, the fiendish reveller in wickedness and cruelty, show something of human affection in protecting his offspring from the sons of Tamora? Is this a natural touch?

60. Does Aaron in this scene betray resentment against nature for his blackness, as Richard III. did for his deformity?

61. Does the metrical quality of Aaron's address to his child, at the end of Sc. ii., show the Shakespearian ear?

62. In Sc. iii. is the madness of Titus real or feigned? If real, is it partial or complete? What signify his laments and his insults to the emperor?

63. What does Sc. iv. show as to the effect of Titus's affronts? As to Tamora's influence with the emperor?

64. How could Titus treat the emperor so and not be put to death? Has news of the approach of Lucius with an army anything to do with this?

65. How does Tamora persuade Saturninus to temporize? What does she promise to undertake with Titus?

66. For what purpose does the Clown appear in Scs. iii. and iv.?

67. Lines 81-86 of the fourth Scene—do they seem to you, as to some critics they do, to be Shakespeare's? "There is not," says Swinburne, "a single passage in *Titus Andronicus* more Shakespearian than the magnificent quatrain [83-86] of Tamora upon the eagle and the little birds." Does your study confirm this?

ACT FIFTH.

68. According to Lucius, in the opening speech, how does the emperor stand with his people?

69. How does Lucius advise the great lords to take advantage of the situation?

70. How do the Goths acclaim and pledge themselves to Lucius?

71. Describe the taking of Aaron with the child.

72. What is meant in Sc. i., line 42?

73. Does Aaron show subtlety and address in making parley with Lucius, or does he simply present a compelling motive?

74. Characterize Aaron's cold-blooded recital of crimes. Do

you recall any parallel to his gloating over those atrocities, both on his own account and that of the empress? Must we not sympathize in the judgement of Lucius that hanging is too good for such a miscreant?

75. What is the errand of Æmilius? How does Lucius treat it?

76. Who come at the opening of Sc. ii. to visit Titus, and what is their mission? How does Titus receive them? His speech, lines 21-27, is among those regarded as Shakespearian in manner. Do you so regard it?

77. Do Tamora and her sons completely impose upon Titus in the parley, or does he see through their disguises? Is he hoodwinked into sending for Lucius? What means Tamora (line 139) by *our determined jest*? Is Titus self-poised when he says, *I know them all, though they suppose me mad*, etc.? Does he neatly trap Chiron and Demetrius at last?

78. When Titus cuts the throats of these two, is it in keeping with what has been seen of Lavinia that she should have nerve to hold *'tween her stumps* the basin to receive their blood?

79. Is the long speech of Titus which ends the Scene dramatically regular inasmuch as it recites what is already known to the spectator and announces deeds yet to be performed?

80. With what motive does Titus kill Lavinia?

81. Is Saturninus prepared to punish Chiron and Demetrius when (Sc. iii. 59) he asks to have them brought before him?

82. Does not Titus, by killing Tamora instantly upon telling her of the contents of the pie, balk his own dearest revenge? Why is Tamora not allowed to survive and suffer for a while from the horrible revelation?

83. This being the catastrophe, could anything have been fitly done other than to have Saturninus kill Titus, and Lucius in turn kill the emperor? Until this moment could it have been certain that the plot to frustrate Lucius might not succeed?

84. How do the political conditions at the end of the play accord with those shown at the beginning? Was there anything in the contemporary politics of states which might have influenced the writer or writers of the drama?

85. Is poetic justice, as well as political exigency, served in making Lucius emperor?

86. Do lines 160-168 of Sc. iii. appear to you, as to some commentators, to be in all probability Shakespeare's? What impression is here made by the reappearance of the Boy, the words spoken to him by Lucius, and the Boy's reply?

87. Is the character of Aaron rightly finished by causing him to persist stubbornly to the last in his malignancy?

88. Is anything gained in dramatic effect by reserving him for such a frightful death?

---

89. Lloyd finds that the Greek names of Chiron and Demetrius, as well as other features, give a Byzantine colour to the play, and he thinks that the plot may owe much to the story of Belisarius. Do you see anything suggestive in this?

90. Does the character of Aaron lead in your thoughts to reminiscences of Othello or Shylock? Is Aaron a character of unmingled ferocity? Is there in his devilishness an element of glee which makes him more diabolical than Iago or any other villain of Shakespeare's?

91. Swinburne says that *Titus Andronicus* has a "quality of exceptional monstrosity, a delight in the parade of mutilation as well as of massacre." Is not such a drama too revolting for the stage? If this play is, as Dowden says, "pre-Shakespearian in tone," is it also throughout sub-Shakespearian in quality? Could it have been the product even of Shakespeare's first attempt?

92. Baynes declares that *Titus Andronicus* in many features reflects the form of Roman tragedy. But in the old Roman tragedies horrors were usually related, not represented. Which is the better way?

93. Say what you think of critics who hold not only that Shakespeare did not write *Titus Andronicus*, but also that he would not have written on such a disgusting subject. Are there kindred scenes of horror in any of the undisputed Shakespearian plays; if so, are there differences of treatment whereby their effects are modified?

94. Fleay calls this "a stilted, disagreeable play, with a few fair touches." White thought that it might be the joint work of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare. Hudson would gladly be rid of this "extremely distasteful" play altogether. Give your opinions on these points.

95. Hudson speaks of the power of an author "to distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtile courses of tragic terror." Consider this apt saying in connection with the present play and others with which it may be profitably compared.

WITHDRAWN

PUBLIC LIBRARY LANG. & LIT.
SOUTH BEND, IND.
822.33
Sh15tiB
Cop. 5
CLOSED
STACKS

Shakespeare, William
Titus Andronicus

PUBLIC LIBRARY

South Bend, Indiana

EXTRACT FROM RULES

Books may be retained two weeks and may be *once* renewed for the same period.

A fine of *three cents* a day shall be paid on each volume not returned when return is due.

Injuries to books and losses must be made good. Lost cards will not be renewed until after thirty days from notice of loss. Card holders must promptly notify Librarian of change of residence under penalty of forfeiture of card.

EXTRACTS FROM STATE LAW

Whoever shall willfully or maliciously cut, mark or mutilate, write in or upon, or otherwise deface any book, magazine, newspaper or other property of any Library organized under the laws of this State, shall be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

KEEP YOUR CARD IN THIS POCKET

SPC